A Bundle of Sonnets and Other Poems

H. Hartshorne

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A BUNDLE

OF

SONNETS,

AND OTHER

POEMS.

BY

HENRY HARTSHORNE.

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PROEM.

Hours of my noontide,
Fast are ye flying;
Green leaves of summer
Fading and dying.

Echoes of memory
Yet I would cherish;
Swept by the autumn wind,—
Listen; they perish!

ALMA MATER.

Spoken before the Alumni Association of Haverford College, 1858.

I.

Before the World or Man grew old,
In twilight of the Eden-time,
With songful words, in tongues of rhyme,
The star-born thoughts of men were told.

O, Mother of our manhood's bloom!
Eternal youth sits on thy brow!
So, as I gaze upon thee now,
Old thoughts, yet ever new, find room.

New, ever; does returning Spring
Tire with its budding miracle?
The sky-lark cheers to-day, as well
As when the first dawn gilt its wing.

So may our spirits, while we stand
Beside thy springing well of youth,
Renew their freshness with its truth,
To look back on the Blessed Land.

Nor look in vain: although we see
Thro' tear-dimmed eyes, half closed with pain;
While glimpses rack the beating brain,
Of what we were, and are to be.

O, when those gleams come back to me,
I seem to tread, alone, these halls;

All else, but pictures on the walls;
The mirage of a desert sea.

I bound, again, with boyish fire,
Across this lawn, thro' yonder wood;
To pluck each hour's abundant good,
Nor languish with a vain desire.

Come back once more, thou charméd heart,
That knewest not the curse of Time!
What would we with the vast sublime,
When flower or stream might heaven impart?

Yet, soul, thou wast a chrysalis—
A bird within a tiny shell,
That liked its little kingdom well,
And held that arch the bound of bliss.

And now, we crack the prison wall,
  Too free! Those bounds, unknown before,
  We reach, to feel but more and more.
Yon sky has weight—'twill one day fall!

Yet the caged bird will beat the bars
  That hold it in from upward flight:
  So, 'mid the round of day and night,
Our spirits knock against the stars.

Might we but overpass that bound
  That narrows in our little view,
  The tangled chain of good and true
That threads the worlds, might be unwound.

Could we revisit the dead Past,
  Or outrun Time a thousand years—

Find the unfathom'd source of tears,
Or learn how long their tide shall last—

But, *we know nothing!* Is it best
To know, that we are blind indeed?
When faith our eyes from film hath freed,
We shall thank God for this unrest.

II.

As one who some Assyrian stone
Digs up, to con each mystic line,
Till the strange characters combine
In chronicles of days unknown—

Thus, in one little life, we find
The key-note of the Universe;

The eternal hope, the mortal curse,
The all-power of omniscient Mind.

We mourn our childhood; it is well.
The World hath had its childhood too.
Untold the years thro' which it grew;
Its length of days what tongue shall tell!

The birth-song of our mortal race,
Echoing thro' the ages on,
Fearfully tells of glories gone,
Leaving no sign to mark their place.

Who hath seen Eden? Dream on dream,
Arcady, Tempe, Cashmere blending,
Eve's garden dwelling oft transcending,
Only in poets' visions gleam.

God spoke with man. In every tongue
  Brokenly lives that utterance—
  As well where stark Australians dance,
As Europe's cloud-tipped spires among.

Not Sinai's awful mount alone
  Bore witness of the Infinite;
  On earth and sky His name was writ;
To contrite hearts His love was known.

O Pharisee, what knowest thou
  Of truths, the self-slain Brahmin holds
  More real than his garment's folds—
The spirit-life, the eternal Now?

The Greek, apt Nature's pupil, caught
  The worship of the beautiful:

Nor vainly did Art's masters cull
All that the earth and heaven have taught.

Even amid thy ruins, Greece!
Linger the sunset rays of art.
What strains that rouse or melt the heart
Were dumb, had Homer held his peace!

The fairest things that men have done
Were not; Rome's marbles frozen yet
Might lie, beneath her mountains set,
Had Athens not a Parthenon.

Apelles, Phidias, Sophocles—
What name, in all our boastful throng,
Will gleam, like theirs, the years along,
A beacon light o'er midnight seas?

Not Rome, in all her majesty,
  Proclaimed a message so divine;
  Though taught, in glory and decline,
The might of Law and Liberty—

The power that with a State abides,
  While each for all will do and dare.
  These laurels Rome shall greenly wear
When all her pomp oblivion hides!

But, on Judea rose the Star
  Whose coming brought our perfect day:
  Houseless an infant monarch lay,
Whose ministers the angels are.

Miracle above miracles!
  The bloodless conquest of the world—

In dust a thousand idols hurled
To the sweet tune of sabbath bells.

O, madness of our human kind,
That all those idols rose again;
New-named, in many a Christian fane,
Where wilful blind yet lead the blind!

But summer clouds quench not the sun;
Nor fails it with each dull eclipse:
Some word of power from holy lips
Is spoken, and new hopes are won.

With Luther, thunders rent the air—
Half quenched the infernal fires of Rome:
But lo! the gladdening sunbeams come,
With Fox's wrestling, silent prayer.

Boast not of valor, Chivalry!
Thy mailéd form and arméd hand
Had quailed, where Christian warriors stand
Dauntless, in Truth's own majesty.

What tho' no bard their prowess sings;
No murd'rous deed their scutcheon stains;
The martyr blood, that warms our veins,
Is better than the blood of kings!

Wait till the truth be known as true;
Wait till the honored are the great:
When kings and priests fall out of date,
God's heroes, men will honor you!

Brothers, for *us* to honor them
Were better than ancestral pride.

Alas! if with them worth have died,
The sap dead in the parent stem!

Hope on! The night is not yet near:
To faith no night will ever come.
This world shall yet an angel's home
Be made, when Love quells Hate and Fear.

Away, then, signs misunderstood—
Phylactery and Shibboleth—
To all who breathe the Christian breath
Give the free hand of brotherhood!

Fling wide the banner of the Cross!
Its motto, *Faith, Hope, Charity;*
Its conquests, every land and sea:
Its triumph's arch, *the grave across!*

III.

O FOR a telescopic glance,
To pierce right through the heart of things—
Beneath the shadow of Time's wings
To watch the centuries' advance!

A hundred years! From crumbling thrones
Fall Europe's bloodless dynasties;
Gaunt fossils of dead histories,
Stranger than megatherial bones,

A hundred years! Infuriate war,
The lunacy of nations, quelled—
Electric fires its falchions weld
To girdle Trade's triumphal car.

Lo, China risen from the dead!
The golden gateways of the East
Wide open: a perpetual feast
On Ocean's myriad islands spread!

Land of the simoom and the waste,
O thirsty land of Africa!
Thy tears have washed the curse away;
Welcome thy wanderers replaced!

Where Orinoco greets the sea,
And by Fuego's dreary verge,
Behold the Cross, without the scourge—
A mighty union of the free!

Thou, Eagle of the North, whose nest
Was fouled, too long, with Lion's prey,

Yet shalt thou meet the eye of day
Without a blood-stain on thy breast.

Unsullied be the glorious page
Whose record thy hereafter shows;
Last refuge from the old world's woes,
Hope of the new and brighter age!

IV.

The shadow on Time's dial-plate
Moves slowly onward toward its noon.
Shall the task-hours be over soon?
White harvests answer, "*Work*, and *wait*."

V.

THEN, what am I, and what are we,
That breathe such boldness in our songs,
As tho' to us some right belongs
To ask, what shall to-morrow be?

The perfume ebbing from the flowers—
The down upon the insect's wing—
Earth hardly knows so frail a thing
As mortal life, this life of ours.

Our sweetest songs are full of grief;
Our over-laughter bringeth tears:
So float we down the stream of years,
As floats the withering autumn leaf.

Yet, welcome Hope flits often by,
And memory maketh sweet amends:
Pardon me, therefore, gentle friends,
Loving, too well, their company.

THE CORAL ISLAND.

Musing I sat, one summer eve,
By a window that looked o'er the sea;
On an old oak seat, in the quaint alcove
Of an ancient library.
Musty and dusty the books had grown;
Half were in dead tongues writ.
Who gathered them had been long unknown,
As they mouldered bit by bit.
My eyes fell on an open page
Of mediæval lore;
And ghost-like figures of many an age
Stepped forth upon the floor.

Out from the page quaint figures came,
And passed through the open door;
War-clad knights, with eyes a-flame,
And maids, who fresh wreaths wore;
And priestly forms, in cowl and gown:
One, with high brow and pale,
Came, and beside me sat him down;
In his looks I read a tale.
A sage's life, and a scholar's aim,
With a glance his age before;
A zeal for truth, and a thought of fame;
These in his mien he bore.

"Tell me," I asked, "what strength sublime
These workers so upheld,
Whose pages here have conquered Time,
While Time their lives has quelled?

Could each a draught of glory drain?
Was gold a prize for all?"
"Not so; the meed of most was pain;
The wreath came with their pall.
Who longs for fame, must in his heart
Contemn it most when won;
For fame or gold the noblest part
Of man's work ne'er was done."

"What then, what then?" "In thy own soul
Look, if thou art a man.
See how the least reflects the whole,
In the All-Father's plan.
No drop of dew, in lowest vale,
But to the clouds aspires;
Yet, stronger powers than sun and moon
Move tides in our desires.

We own the instincts of the skies;
Though, oft, we know it not;
So, out of ashes glories rise,
Whose fires we had forgot."

Calmly he spoke; then turned away.
I gazed out on the sea.
Slanted the purple sunset ray
Wave-broken, tremblingly.
I saw an island, westward lying,
Embosom'd in the deep;
Its spice-filled breezes, round me sighing,
Lulled me to vision'd sleep.
Then, far away fled days and years;
Hours grew to centuries;
All voices parted from my ears,
'Mid ancient silences.

Under the deep, where corals grew,
Round a sea-drown'd volcano's brow,
I followed the sunlight the billows through
Of an ocean, blue as now.
Each storm that heaved the waves above
Made strong the rock below;
As souls, that build in patient love,
Draw strength from strife and woe.
Ages on ages, still they built,
Slowly and silently;
Till, at last, all day their tops were gilt
By the sun, above the sea.

White shines the rock, like a giant's crown,
With a lake within its rim;
And in and out, from the ocean's depth,
Sea-monsters creep and swim;

And over the edge the sea-weeds float;
And, wave-washed from the shore,
Come germs of many a flower and tree
That far off forests bore.
Now, green in its beauty the island stands,
The first-born of the sea;
So brave is the work of those tiny hands
That build all silently!

I dream no more. But, my hope is strong!
O, longing human heart,
None wait in vain, though patient long;
In God's plan each has part.
Scholar, look up! Thy golden truth,
Wrought out in lonely hours,
May buy some coming nation's peace,
Or give the world new powers.

Ye workers in untrodden ways,
Build, as ye have begun;
Above Time's waves, your pile shall gaze
On the eternal Sun!

OLD FOUNDERS' HALL.

Haverford Alumni. 1880.

By Arno's side, where Art and Nature vie
To rear the fairest city 'neath the sky;
Where Dante wrote, and Galileo wrought
Twixt earth and heaven a path for sight and thought;
Amid the shrines and palaces of Rome,
By turns War's, Faith's and Art's imperial home;
Where Paris, Dresden, Venice, guard such stores
As ne'er were sought by Argo's fabled oars;
There finds the traveller his dream fulfilled,
Of all that burning soul and pencil skill'd
Have done, can do, to make the canvas glow
With hues from heaven above, and forms of earth
below.

Yet, never Florence, Rome, or Venice knew,
With all Da Vinci, Raphael, Titian drew,
Pictures beyond the reach of wealth or art
Like those unbought, rich treasures of the heart,
By Memory kept, beside life's weary ways,
Bright scenes, loved faces, of our earlier days!
When years glide on, each swifter than the last,
Each joy no sooner present than 'tis past,
Graves not yet filled lie where our feet must tread;
O'ergrown with flowers the unforgotten dead.
Oft, among these, will tearful thoughts have birth;
Delicious sadness, sweeter far than mirth!
While still around us come, from air and sky,
The songs of Youth and Spring, of joys that cannot die.
But O, how vain, to paint for other eyes
Things that beyond all else on earth we prize!

To other eyes, were all their charms made known,
More fair, by far, ideals of their own.
The heart has hues the rainbow cannot give,
To paint love's memories, and make them live.

Beneath these shades, and near yon Founders' Hall,
A long, fair gallery opens to my call,—
Hung round with pictures of my boyish days;
Are there none here to echo my faint praise?
Comrades, now scattered, were we young again,
Would we drink more of joy, bear less of pain?
June forest walks, October-tinted groves,
Where friendships ripened, sweet as later loves;
Winter's unspotted ermine on the lawn,
The skater's circles o'er the ice-pond drawn,
The flying foot-ball, and the cricket run,
The games, all glorious, whether lost or won;

Full moons more bright than we e'er since have seen;
More brilliant sunsets than have elsewhere been;
These were our joys: but these were far from all,
In those old days we passed at Founders' Hall.
Comrades and rivals both, in College lore,
Loving not Learning less, though Nature more;
Towards Truth and Beauty were our glances turned;
With high ambition every bosom burned.
Not then we knew, what now we sigh to know,
How little man can ever learn below:
Nor, yet, the grander truth, in starlight writ,
Our souls' growth upward may be infinite.
Less are *we* now, as greater seems *the All;*
Love grows, with worship, as pride's figments fall.

* * * * * * *

Still, though we tread among perennial flowers,
Though wealth, and love, and honors all be ours;
Though thro' each farthest clime our feet may rove,
Fresh fields around, and cloudless skies above:
No scenes more fair, on earth, our eyes shall see,
Than those thou paintest now, Echantress, Memory!

THE COUNTERSIGN.

I HAD a vision of a mighty camp;
Outstretching far beyond the reach of sight.
With dream-wings wandered I among its tents;
I saw its banners glistening in the sun
Of tropic lands, and over polar snows.
Where men were thronging in the busy mart,
Amid their thoroughfares and stately walls,
Its standard-bearers stood; ofttimes unseen,
And ofttimes thrust aside with looks of scorn.
Mysteriously, the white lines of that camp
Passed through each city, over every plain,
Within the palace and without the church,

Encircling thus the wide world everywhere;
Yet angel-guarded, and impassable,
Save where the watchword oped the charméd gates.
Wond'ring I listened, when a still small voice
Asked of each comer, "*Answer, art thou pure?*"

Then came my greater wonder, as I looked.
A Cardinal came by, with scarlet robe,
And brow uplifted: "Ask," he said, "my church!"
The white gates flew together, with a peal
That scared a flock of doves away to heaven.
A veiléd nun then came, whose drooping eyes
Looked never on the face of mortal man.
Soft knocking, when the gates began to ope,
Inward she went, as knowing well the way.
"*Art pure?*" the angel; she, as sudden struck,
Turned, and, with drooping head, went back to weep.

Came, then, a man to whom all men look up,
Admiring, reverent; one of words and deeds;
Large purse, wide open; leader of the good,
A model of great men; with him a crowd
Of followers, to see him enter in.
He paused, on bended knee, with prayer that rang
Like clarion, ere he reached the mystic gates.
Then waited, as one long expected waits,
For those who haste to open as he comes.
Closed yet the portals, when a whisper fell
As out of heaven: "*Answer, art thou pure?*"
Undaunted shone the leader's radiant face;
As, with a voice that all might hear, he said,
"I am a Christian; in that name I come."
Then, still expectant, looked upon the gates,
To see them open; but they never moved.
Amazed, I thought, who then shall enter in?

But, while I mused, the gates wide open flew;
And a light shone, as out of upper heaven.
Who comes? None, save a very wretched man,
Ash-clad, who would have passed the gate in tears.
"Art pure?" the angel. "*Woe, for I have sinned!*"
Then came the angel forth from out the gates,
And, stooping, raised the mourner to his feet,
And led him through; while, all around the sky,
Rejoicings as of myriad angels rang.

I quaked with wonder. Then, the vision changed.
I saw, within the ramparts of the camp,
A shrine-like Door, in fashion like a Cross,
And marked with blood; two watchers stood beside,
Such as those Mary saw when Christ had risen.
Before it mourners stood, in varied guise.

A Buddhist, with his arms uplifted high,
And eyes fast fixed, in silence, on the ground;
A Moslem, prostrate, muttering Allah's name;
A barefoot friar, with hands full of alms;
Sisters of Charity, with orphan flocks
Trooping behind them; grave philanthropists;
Scholars, defenders of the faith; and martyrs:
All by the door were waiting, as I gazed.
Again, an angel, like the Morning Star
In majesty, gave question thus to each:
"*O, sinner, pardoned sinner, wilt thou live?*"
Answered the Buddhist, "I have conquered death."
The Moslem, "Allah's prophet gives me heaven."
The friar, "Works attest my penitence."
And the calm sisters, pointing to their flock,
Smiled hopefully; the grave philanthropists,
Scholars and martyrs cried, "Our fight is fought."

So waited all, to see the Door unclosed.
Yet, still, it stood, unopened, stained with blood.
Then came one near, like him who passed the gates
Led by the angel: now, with tranquil brow,
And step of trust. "*O, sinner, wilt thou live?*"
Then answered he, "*Not I, but Christ in me!*"
Again fell light from heaven; the door flew wide;
He entered: and once more my vision changed.
Once more I saw him, erst so poor and vile,
Come forth, full armed, from out the mystic camp.
Bright was his armor, writ with lines of light.
Upon his helmet was salvation graven;
His girdle, truth; his breastplate, righteousness;
His shield was faith; his only sword, the Spirit;
His feet were shod with gospel love and peace.
From his glad lips this anthem rose on high:
"Glory be unto God, and to the Lamb;

For He was slain, for He was slain for us;

And He has risen, to reign forever more!"

So closed the vision: I awoke in hope.

O, soul, forget not thou the countersign.

CARKING CARE.

Woe for carking care,—
Alas for earthly care;
If it were not for its thorns,
How well would mortals fare!

Cold it makes our hearts,
Grim it knits our brows;
Would that Nature could find way
These frozen souls to rouse!

Beauteous smileth she,
Sweetly singeth, still;

But the dead and buried heart
With life she cannot fill.

Alas for human care,
Alas for selfishness;
Joy would bless us ten times more,
Craved we but ten times less!

We are wrong, all wrong;
We have lost our way;
Help us, Light of Heaven above,
Gone so far astray!

Darker, darker yet,
Grows the perilous wood;
Sounds are few, and those we hear
Are not understood.

But yonder, yonder, see,
Through those parting leaves,
Shines a single, steady star,
Beneath a dark cloud's eaves.

'Tis the star to guide,
Truer than the pole;
'Tis the star to light and rouse
The earth-entombéd soul.

Away with mortal care,—
There's balm for earthly care;
Savior! thou hast worn its thorns,
And we shall not despair!

FAIRY LAND.

Spent we not our childhood, dreaming
Of things fairer than earth's seeming?
Climes, where comes not winter's gloom;
Where fresh flowers each morning bloom;
Where birds ever soar and sing,
Of sweeter throat, and brighter wing,
Than any whose spring notes are hurled
Upon this heavy, weary, world;
O, heavy, heavy, weary world!

With what beatific vision
Joyed we in those fields Elysian!

As thereto we gathered all
That in fancy could befall:
All the wondrous sights there be
Underneath the deep, deep sea;
All the golden hills that lie
In the cloud-land of the sky;
And the pleasant sounds that go
Where sweet waters fall and flow,—
These should be our company;
With a hidden melody,
Ever made by elfin sprites
That in flowers find rich delights,
Who would show us many a gem
Beneath the water-lily's stem,
Or, where shadows fall at noon,
Entice us with some fairy boon.

Thus we peopled, everywhere,
With wonders, common earth and air;
Though unseen, through many an hour,
Yet we felt their secret power:
And we dreamed of fairer days,
When, thro' some tangled woodland ways,
We should find those tracks unseen,
Left by fairies on the green,
And, following these, through densest shade,
Where charméd rings by elves are made,
Should find that open ground at last,
Where fairy light o'er all is cast.

O, who hath found that fairy time?
Who knows that sweet, that cloudless clime?
All seek it, all await it long,
We dream its dream, we chant its song,—

Yet never, never, find that glade
With tiny tracks where elves have strayed;
And never list, 'mid summer's air,
To sounds that charm the soul from care,
Winning us far and far above
This sordid earth, where all is love.
This is not at our soul's command;
Yet, to hearts that understand,
All the world is Fairy Land!

Each spot of earth hath steps to heaven;
Each moment has its blessing given.
There are no marvels writ or sung
Of any land, in any tongue,
Of fays unseen by mortal eyes;
Of houris in their Paradise;
Of Ariels that flit above;

Or sea-maids in their coral grove;
There is no dream of love or glory
In olden lay or modern story,
That doth not wane and fade away,
Before the light of common day,
When faith shines blended with the ray!

A child of Heaven, and Lord of Earth;
A Miracle, from very birth;
Beset by fiends, by angels tended;
A King, to heaven of heavens ascended:
O, what, though all the bards of eld
One chorus of sweet songs had held;
One lay had woven, wild and free,
To court the ear of Destiny,—
What could they tell more strange, more grand,
Than the true tale of Jacob's land?

What could they sing of heaven above,
Sweet as King David's songs of love?
How could they, with their honey'd breath,
Hallow the parting hour of death,
Like faith's sweet words, that conquer pain,
" 'Tis but to-morrow, we meet again!"
O, thus, to hearts that understand,
This world is brighter than Fairy Land.

A BIRTH-DAY SALUTATION.

To R. C.

EIGHT years have brought their smiles and tears,
Their bounding hopes, their little fears,
Since first the music of the spheres
Fell softly on thy listening ears.

When eight years more shall pass away,
More radiant light will clothe thy day,—
But sorrow's clouds will have their sway;
More often come, and longer stay.

Eight more will crown ripe womanhood,
Acquainted with life's thoughtful mood;

Blest, if the plan be understood
To seek thine own in others' good.

Though death, with late or early call,
The summer of thine age forestall,
We know that, whatsoe'er befall,
God's angel, Hope, broods over all.

As surges on the tide of Time,
This lesson comes, with solemn chime;
To love and suffer is sublime:
And humblest hearts may highest climb.

GLIMPSES UPWARD.

Sometimes, tho' seldom, fleeing from the dust
And smoke and ashes of our mortal state,
Our souls all blessed in love, and hope, and trust,
Heaven seems our own, some moments but to wait.

Then comes the beauty of our young hearts back,
Robed in a brightness yet more passing fair;
Then, all things Eden-ward have found a track,
And life's strange evils are forgotten there.

We grieve not then, nor fear, nor wonder more;
Peace fills her urn, Praise lights his altar fire;
Unstrained, unstayed, our wing'd spirits soar
Where only, for immortals, rests desire!

THE BURNISHED SHIELD.

A Legend of Prayer.

Marvellous is the land where, summer and winter, the desert
Gives forth its armies of sand-clouds, to war with the river of Egypt.
From East and West they come; yet, rolling and swelling, the river
Ever abounds with floods, that bear, from beneath the Equator,
A wealth of teeming life, to belt the desert with greenness;
Blossoming, like the brow of death, forever enwreathed with flowers.

There, as we look on the Nile, in the land of the ibis and lotus,
Many a vision of old rises, phantom-like, thronging before us.
Hearken awhile to a tale of danger and love and prayer,
That comes while we muse and dream o'er the legends of Thebes and the Pharaohs.

Many a weary moon had the host of Israel wandered,
While the pillar of cloud, or of light, went ever before to guide them.
They who had crossed the Red Sea grew hoary with age, or perished;
Some by the hand of their foes, and some by the wrath of Jehovah.
Babes who had rested in Egypt within the blood-stained portals

When the Death-angel by night smote in every household the first-born,

Now, as young men and maidens, drew near to the Land of Promise.

So, by the borders of Moab, they came to the Valley of Arnon;

Whence they looked, far up, towards the mountain-top of Pisgah.

There, by the river-side, they pitched their tents and rested.

There was the wilderness fringed with spreading groves of palm-trees,

Doum-trees, of denser shade, and myriad-leaved acacias;

And sycamore's ample boughs, with folds of the wild vine entangled.

Around them the mountains encamped, all dark with
the shade of their cedars;
While through their vales by night prowled the lion,
the panther and leopard.

Fairest of Israel's youth, the pride of the Tribe of
Reuben,
Arphad and Imri stood; and the love they bore each
other
Was strong for life and death, as Jonathan's love an
David's.
Arphad, brave as a lion, the noblest of Reuben's sword-
bearers;
Imri, swift as a dart, so that scarce the gazelle could
outstrip him.
Arphad, calm as the sun when he comes from the
East like a bridegroom;

Imri, a radiant cloud that holds in its bosom the lightning,
Bright and dark by turns, to dazzle or strike with terror.
Ever together were they, in converse, in worship, or warfare;
Together even in love; for two fair daughters of Hezron,
Twins in heart as in birth, were pledged to them in betrothal.

Close by the edge of the camp, lay a cave in the side of the mountain;
Broad and lofty within, but closed by a rock like a doorway;
Only some twisted vines gave place to a hand that sought entrance.

Here, from the wrath of his tribe, had fled a Moabite chieftain,
Outcast and hated by all, save one ever faithful daughter.
Here they hunted by day, and at night, withdrawn to their cavern,
Slept without care or fear of the wild beasts roaming around them.

Alas, that a dark eye's glance can wound like an arrow with venom!
Alas that the strong grasp of love may crush like a python's embraces!
Imri once found the cave; he paused to delight in its coolness.
The maiden came, with a cup, to refresh her wearied father.

Startled, a moment she stood; and then, with graceful obeisance,

Another cup she filled, and handed it forth to the stranger.

Imri was held, unawares, by a strong and deep fascination;

Such as, 'tis said, draws its prey near the open jaws of the serpent.

Nearer and nearer it draws, till, at last, with one leap, all is over!

Few were the words they could speak; but love has a tongue universal;

Eyes can tell sweeter tales than scholars can ever interpret.

Low sank the sun in the West before the forgetful Imri

Sprang to his feet at last, with a sudden, reluctant parting,
And hastened beyond the grove to the far-spreading tents of Reuben.

Arphad, faithful in heart, awaited the step of his brother.
Ah, with what sorrow and fear he saw that his eyes fell downcast!
Whence the unwonted glow, that ne'er on his cheek had been kindled,
Even when Narna, his chosen, had taken his hand in betrothal?
Imri sank to the ground; and long they sat in silence.
Then, the tender warmth of olden friendship o'ercame them,
And in words half sweet, half bitter, the story was told and forgiven.

Forgiven, but not forgotten. While Imri lapsed into slumber,

Out from the camp went Arphad, to pass the long night in prayer.

"O Thou God of our fathers, spare, and help and deliver!

Let not him, our beloved, fall as a prey to the spoiler;

Keep his heart from the charms of the idol-worshiping heathen!

Give, I beseech Thee, a sign, that I may warn and protect him;

Else let me rather perish, a sacrifice for my brother."

Long and urgent his prayer; when, out from the fiery pillar

That all night long stood still while the camp of Israel rested,

Flashed a yet brighter flame, and took the form of an angel.

Over the tents it moved; till near his side it descended.

Then, with a voice as sweet as the murmur of brooks in spring-time,

"*Burnish thy shield,*" said the Vision: "burnish thy shield, and be faithful."

Twice the words were said, and then the angel departed.

Strange seemed the sign to Arphad; yet, strong in his trust in Jehovah,

Back to his tent he went, to wait for the tasks of the morrow.

Ere the sun reached high noon, the silver trumpets were sounded

Far and near through the camp, to call the assembly together.

Over the Tabernacle, the cloud was lifted towards heaven:

Soon the command would come, "let Israel now go forward!"

Arphad hastened to don the harness of all his armor,

And brightly burnished his shield, in accord with the heavenly vision.

All day long they gathered; the cloud yet rested, unmoving;

The shadows of night still found them awaiting the wished for journey.

Then, when the twilight fell, with a heart distracted with conflict,

Imri's feet, half unready, across to the cavern bore him.

Long he lingered, though parting; with farewells said,
yet returning:
Out through the grove he walked with the Moabite
maid, till the darkness
Came with the dews that fell, as silently and slowly.
Arphad, with sword and shield, by his folded tent stood
watching;
Beholding the pillar of fire, and longingly thinking of
Imri.
Down on his knees he fell, in wrestling prayer for his
brother.
How noble his upturned brow, in the glow of the
heavenly fire-light!

But hark; thro' the air there comes a cry of anguish
and terror.

"Imri, Imri!" he calls, as out from the camp he hastens,

Threading among the palms his pathless way toward the cavern.

Ah, what a sight was there! While dallied the youth and maiden,

Noiselessly thro' the grove a leopard had stolen upon them.

Crouched, he was waiting to spring, when Arphad's shield had reflected

Light from the pillar of fire, and Imri's eyes beheld him.

Quickly he leaped aside, and strove to bear with him the maiden.

Alas, a moment too late! The paw of the beast struck her bosom,

Bearing her down to the earth; with Imri vainly, above them,

Striving, with unarmed strength, to drag from her the leopard.

Loud, as he fought with the beast, called Imri then upon Arphad;

Wildly blending his voice with the fearful shrieks of the maiden.

"Arphad, Arphad, help!" Then, soon, was his prayer answered.

Arphad reached his side; and, with sword and shield, in swift conflict,

Soon lay the beast in death, beside his dying victim.

Curtain the dreadful scene, O Night, with thy veil of shadows!

Heal, O Time, the wounds, more sharp than teeth of the leopard,

That pierced the soul of Imri, Imri the broken-hearted.

But ever remembered be the faith of his brother, that saved him

By the gleam of his burnished shield, from the maw of the fell destroyer!

And let praises ever arise from all the earth to Jehovah:

Our God is not afar off; our God ever answereth prayer!

THE GIRL GOAT-HERD OF THE ALPS.

Suggested by a Picture.

FREEDOM'S and Nature's favorite!
Scarce higher flies the lark than thou.
No surer yonder chamois' feet;
No sunnier the Alp-cliff's brow.

Thy breath is heaven's own taintless air;
Thy drink, the snow-filled waterfall;
Goat's milk and cottage bread thy fare;
This climbing herd, and home, thy all.

Home? Yonder cottage gives thee rest,
While stars crown all these peaks around,

As stoops the falcon to her nest
Whose young not yet their wings have found.

Thy unroofed home is mountain-built;
Clouds make its palace drapery;
Its ornaments, by sunshine gilt,
Monarchs might give their crowns to see!

Fair girl! Thy joy uplifts my heart.
So near the sky may I not live?
Such liberty, O Faith, impart:
O Hope, such boundless outlook give!

IN SUMMER TIME.

WERE life one day like this, sweet friends,
What of its storms?
Though night, as now, our progress ends,
And all fair forms
In terror seek
A home for shelter from Death's tempest bleak,—
We would not mourn!
By Love upborne
Beyond earth's clouds, we'd find Night's brow most
kind and meek.
O, 'twas a joyous day, sweet friends!
My heart yet thrills,—
And all in one bright image blends,
That sweetly fills

The inner courts of soul, where memory never ends.
Green lawns and trees,
Where sun and breeze
Together wove a changing dance of shade,—
And water's sheen
Gray rocks between,
Where rose and butterfly together played;
All fair, and all for us 'neath God's own heaven arrayed.

All now before my eyes
A wavy picture spread;
Sweet sights, sweet sounds and thoughts,
Full oft to be re-read:
In the dim, lonely hour
Of Melancholy's power,—
In the more favored time
Of thankfulness sublime,

Again and still again will come that memory's silver chime.

It warms our love of heaven
To visit Nature thus,
With those to whom is given
Such power of heart
As can impart
A pure heart-flow to us.
In keeping with the hills,
And with the artless flowers,
Are thoughts, even ours,
When, parted from care,
We breathe pure air
With eyes around us that so much of heaven's light wear!

Rockland, 1845.

PARTED.

Love and thou and I, together,
  Made an earthly heaven.
Ah, what wind, what stormy weather
  Us apart has driven?

Love and I, where thou art not,
  Make sad company:
I and thou, our love forgot,
  Sadder still must be.

When shall we, Love, thou and I,
  E'er again be one?
Ask of midnight, when its sky
  Will behold the sun!

FROM THE CURSE OF COQUETRY.

Persons.—DONNA VIOLA, and GABRIEL, a young priest.

Gabriel.

God's blessing be upon thee, noble lady.

Donna V.

I thank you, reverend sir. Behold, in me
One to the Church a stranger; all unused
To forms, and canons, and all holy things.
In brief, I have no faith! But, sick of soul,
I longed to ask thee, can thine office help me?

Gabriel.

He whom I serve hath help for all, my lady.

Donna V.

Forgive, then, my unsaintly mien and speech,

And forget thine ordained authority.

I know not, care not aught for solemn pomp;

As man with woman, hear and speak with me.

Gabriel.

Lady, I am but man, as thou art woman.

Donna V.

Then, canst thou feel for me? Hast thou a heart?

Did ever passion set on fire thy blood?

Gabriel.

I *have* a heart; but never yet loved woman,

Save with affection and pure charity.

Donna V.

A man, yet ne'er hast loved! Pray, look on me;

I fain would read some meaning in those eyes.

Canst thou not love? Come, take this hand in thine;

Is it not gentle? [*Touching his clasped hands.*]

Gabriel.

Pardon me, noble lady.

Donna V.

Are priests forbidden to be courteous?

Take it, clasp it; there's no infection in it.

Gabriel.

Pardon me, lady! O, too tempting madness! [*Aside.*]

Donna V.

Thou art as cold as marble. Why? Those eyes

Are beautiful; that cheek hath a young glow,

Thriving 'mid penance, like a rose in winter;

I cannot think thee but a heartless statue!

Look upon me;

Flatterers have called me beauteous; think'st thou so?

There is a ruddy ripeness in my cheek,

'Tis true, and on my lip a redder glow;

And I am light of form, and quick in step;

Bird-like when joyous, tenderest when saddened;

In all things warm, impulsive, passionate.

Yet, did I proffer thee my virgin love,

Called thee *my own*, caressed thee, cherished thee;

Told thee "Sweet Gabriel, I am *thine alone!*"

Yet wouldst thou stand off from these open arms,

Gabriel! And leave them empty. Wouldst thou not?

Gabriel.

Ay, would I, lady!

Donna V.

Then thou *art* heartless, truly!

Gabriel.

O, no, no, no!

Donna V.

They tell me of a canon

Making all love forbidden fruit to you.

But can such be divine? No, never, never!

Nature is eloquent to plead its wrong;

Wherefore should man thus war against all nature?
I tell thee, hoary ages cannot plant
Respect upon the brows of such gross error.
But, man, I waste my words. *Thou hast no heart!*

Gabriel.

Lady, I have!

Donna V.

A heart that holds no passion!

Gabriel.

My passions are as warm and strong as thine!

Donna V.

Then wherefore now so calm?

Gabriel.

[*Rising from his seat.*] O, help me, heaven. [*Aside.*]
Calm, didst thou say? Yes, the great heavens are calm,
That give forth thunders with a moment's warning;
And the volcano's crater—it is calm

Ere it bursts forth, as though all hell were wakened;
I, too, am calm; but, in this heart's volcano,
Passions are sleeping, deeper than tragedy;
Stronger than death; more fearful than the grave;
Which, were they not locked fast by love of heaven,
Would make thee tremble with their lightest whisper.

Donna V.

Fair sir, forgive me; reverend sir, I wronged you.

Gabriel.

Daughter, thou wrong'st me not, nor need'st my pardon.
I came to offer thee my humble counsel;
If thou dost need none, duty calls me hence.

Donna V.

I do, I do; my mind is dark and blind!

Gabriel.

Knowest thou not the teachings of our faith?

Donna V.

I know not what faith is. The very babe,

School'd to its cradle-prayers, knows more than I.

Gabriel.

Knowest thou then *thine own heart?*

Donna V.

I never conned it.

Gabriel.

Then let me paint it for thee. It is evil:

Full of wrong thoughts and evil impulses;

Each lighting impulse mad to spring in action.

Donna V.

How dost thou know me so? I did not tell thee!

Gabriel.

'Tis but the story of each human soul.

Alas, I know it well; 'tis mine!

Donna V.

Hast *thou*, *too*, erred?

Gabriel.

Lady, as full as charnel-house of bones,

Or the salt sea of things that creep and swim,

So full my heart is of corruption!

Donna V.

What can I hope then? If the best are so,

What room in heaven for *me?*

Gabriel.

'Tis not by merit;

But, by God's mercy, best and worst are equal,

If all but will receive it.

Donna V.

That is wondrous.

Thou hast put thoughts into my inmost soul

That stir it, as leviathans the deep.

Gabriel.

Rather, dear lady, may they prove as angels,
Moving it like Bethesda; whence may come
Healing, and life, and hope!

Donna V.

So may it be.
I fain would ponder o'er what thou hast said.

Gabriel.

Take then, this scroll with thee, and con it well.
The whole world were not worth it, read aright.

Donna V.

Most strange, I thought not on these things before!
[*Exit.*]

Gabriel.

[*Solus.*] *Peace, battling heart!* This sacrifice is sealed;
Though it was hard to offer! Now first waked
My heart from its dull dream of apathy;

First learned that it could feel, and leap, and throb,
In passion's agony, or passion's joy.
Now, in the vista of bright, possible things,
Shone *love*, an earthly heaven—still stretching on,
O'erleaping death, even to eternal bliss!
Yet this, hope's paradise, I must abandon;
Shutting my soul up, like this gloomy cell,
Against the very light and breath of joy.
Then, be it so. Father, Thy will be done!
Yet, pardon, if some natural regrets,
Some tearful dallying with soon parted hopes,
Make this day's prayers less calm!

Re-enter DONNA VIOLA.

Daughter, thy brow is sad. Is't ever thus?

Donna V.

No, I am wild of spirit as the wind;

And, often, blithe as the brook's summer song;
But now, there falls a shadow o'er my thoughts,
Though sad, yet sweet; I would not, now, be merry.

Gabriel.

Ever more peace with sadness dwells, than mirth.

Donna V.

O, I have heard, in my heart's silent halls,
Echoes as solemn-sweet as vesper-bells;
Voices that sound as though from heaven they fell;
And all do question me—"O, wild, wild heart,
Why shake not off these foes that wreck thy peace?"
Thinkst thou a curse is resting on me, father?
Else why, as though by angel ministry,
Such gentle and yet fearful warnings come?

Gabriel.

Daughter, our whole race writhes beneath the curse
Which the arch-enemy wrought long ago.

He and his fiends conspire against us; yet
They can but offer curses for our choice,
To barter blessings with, if such we will.

Donna V.

Needs it our will, then?

Gabriel.

Aye.

Donna V.

Then my own hand
Hath stirred the potion that doth slay my soul.
But, is there hope for me? Pray, tell me, father,
This mesh of hell, can it be torn and scattered?

Gabriel.

One, only, hath the power this to ordain,
And, by His instruments, to work thy rescue.

Donna V.

Who, who?

Gabriel.

Thy God.

Donna V.

Him have I never known!

Gabriel.

Yet hath He known thee,—aye, and loved thee, too!
Lady, where slept thine eyes, thine ears, thy heart,
That, in all marvellous things of earth and heaven,
Thou ne'er didst see, hear, feel, and taste of God?
In all things terrible, His might is shown;
Through all things vast, shines His infinity;
Yet, is it joy, where beauty moves and dwells,
To read the tale of His eternal Love!
In loveliness of the sweet, silent flowers,
Or morning melody of spring-wakened birds,
Or the soft light of stars amid the blue.
And, still more deeply, have I learned of Him,

In His own chosen temple of the soul.

Donna V.

These words, I know, are true; deep, deep within me,

Unheard before, an echo answers them.

Yet what am I to do, or speak, or think?

How learn to love, obey and worship. Tell me.

Gabriel.

All this, and more, 'twill be my joy to answer,

When a more fitting leisure waits upon us.

Till then, to thine own thoughts let me commend thee,—

And to thy prayers: mine join with them. Farewell.

BY THE GRAVE-SIDE.

O FIELD, this morn so fresh and green,
With buttercups and daisies round,
What wrought, where such sweet life had been,
So deep a wound?

See, yonder gate is open'd wide;
Whence comes that slow procession here?
Some treasure in the earth to hide?
Behold, a bier!

Once, what yon lowly casket holds,
Not El Dorado's wealth could buy.

Henceforth, unsought, what earth enfolds
Alone will lie.

O God, who gavest Life and Love,
And Hope, and Joy, can this be all?
So much to lift our thoughts above,
And then, the pall!

Ye flowers, 'mid graves, in joyous bloom,
Like angel watchers near a prison,
You bid us look beyond the tomb;—
Where Christ has risen!

OPEN GRAVES.

I WAITED for the funeral throng,
  Beside an open grave;
O'er the smooth sod each grassy mound
  Rose, like a rounded wave.

How cruelly, on the fair earth,
  Man's rude hand makes his mark!
Bright shines the sky above; beneath,
  How narrow, cold and dark.

O morn of life! O night of gloom!
  O strife of hope and dread!

W' ere all thus ended in the tomb,
Could we give up our dead?

Empty, as yet, this new-made grave,
To-night what will it hold?
Beauty, no human strength could save;
Wealth, unredeemed of gold.

So, musing, in my burning thought,
Another tomb I see;
Whence, wrapt in grave-clothes, hand and foot,
One rose, at Bethany.

He was not dead, but only slept;
Life had but closed its wings.
That empty grave, where "Jesus wept,"
Than this speaks better things.

Yet more blest vision:—of the tomb
Where Jesus' body lay!
He rose: away, untimely gloom!
Our night glides into day.

Cold, crushing earth, we dread thee not;
Let flowers grow over thee.
Thrice conquered Death, where is thy sting?
Grave, where thy victory?

Our hearts may droop, our tears will fall,
Above this body's prison;
Weep, yet rejoice; God reigns o'er all—
Hosanna! Christ has risen!

WINNIPISEOGEE LAKE.

Toward the mountains blue and hoary
We have turned our summer way;
Where a wide lake spreads in glory,
Now our gladdened eyes we stay.

Sweetest of the mountain's daughters,
How thy bright face shines to heaven!
Ne'er o'er purer, gladder waters
Sun and moon their light have given.

Echo haunts thy banks forever;
All those wild hills, side by side,

Waft thy voices over,—over,—
Following still that margin wide.

Hark, the huntsman's gun is pealing!
Thunders from each mount rebound.
They have reached the heaven's ceiling;
Yonder clouds have caught the sound.

And the loon,—loud, shrill, how lonely,
E'en though answered, that wild cry!
Far among the mountains only
Should that strange voice live and die.

Gently o'er the still lake's bosom
Fairy winds convoy our boat;
Scarce the water-lily's blossom
Moving, as we onward float.

Paradise to form around us
What now wanteth? Heaven is fair,—
Earth in beauties linked hath bound us,—
Lakes and hills, and purest air.

Only, some we love are absent;
Two or three,—not many more;
But they linger near in spirit;
Nearer e'en than yonder shore.

Nearer than this gleaming water;
Near us, with us, by our side;
Now we thank thee, blessed Father!
Every wish is satisfied.

O'er the brooklet in the pine-wood,
Two were with my thoughts to-day;—

One with eyes of sober pleasure,
  One with bird-like step and gay.

On the lake I heard their voices
  Close beside me, whispering soft;
Now, my very soul rejoices;
  Here my hope is borne aloft!

By the beauty of these waters,
  Where the moon and stars do play;
By yon dim blue line of mountains,
  And the brooks that form them stray,—

Clearer never ran through Eden,—
  By these new and beauteous things
Altogether, we are bidden
  To believe our souls have wings.

We are made for things that end not;

Distance puts us not apart.

Is it not so? Loved ones absent,

Have we not this hour one heart?

RED CLOUD'S QUESTION.*

Amid the curious throng he sat, the cynosure of all.
"Red Cloud, stand forth! To hear thy words, a thousand voices call.

We hail thee, chieftain, true in peace, as ever brave in war;
The white man bids thee welcome from thy forest home afar."

Then gravely rose the dark-brow'd chief, and raised his hand on high.

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* Suggested by a speech made by Red Cloud, at his reception, with other Indian Chiefs, at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, in 1872.

He looked not down upon the throng, but up, as
towards the sky.

"Tis well, this welcome that ye give to one who was
your foe.
I know ye are more strong than we; much more
than we ye know.

"O, white men, ye are very great; this world is all
your own.
Yet, tell me, who made you and me? Did God make
you alone?"

"Not so," the kindly answer came; "one Father made
us all;
One Saviour came from heaven above, to raise us from
our fall.

"One sacrifice on Calvary; one risen Lord in heaven;
Alike to all, the gifts of God from land to land are given."

"I know," the chief replied, "we hear, that God came down to earth;
Long ages since, He came to dwell with men of mortal birth.

"But, tell me now, ye men of strength, O, men of wisdom, say:
Why went He up to heaven again? Why not forever stay?

"Is earth so happy, that it needs no more His visiting?
Are there no poor that *now* would seek the shadow of His wing?

"Why went he up to heaven again? Is war forever done?
Are there no cruel swords yet left, to flash athwart the sun?

"We have not seen His form divine, beside the red man's home;
Nor in the white man's glittering halls, though hither we have come.

"We meet Him not, we hear Him not, amid a world of wrong;
Were He on earth, the wrath of man had never grown so strong.

"O, tell us, you who know so much of God and Christ and heaven,

Why, why alone *long*, *long ago*, was that pure presence given?"

No answer met his query;—but its asking made it seem
To one who heard, that crowded hall was but a fading dream.

Beyond the many voices, beyond the days and years;
Beyond all noise of battles, victor's shouts and captive's fears;

Beyond the teeming ages,—strifes of crescent and of cross,
Ere the gain of the tiara proved the church's bitter loss;

Above all wail of human woe; all words of human will;
A voice is heard,—to restless winds and waves it says,
"Be still!"

We hear Christ tell his fearful ones, "'*Tis best* I go away;
To you the Paraclete will come, and shall abide alway.

"I will not leave you orphans; I will come to you again;
My peace I leave with you; with you it shall remain.

"This world is not my kingdom; but, when time shall be no more,
Many mansions shall be yours, where I have gone before.

"There the wicked cease from troubling; there the
weary are at rest;
There the prisoners rest together, never more to be
oppressed."

Then, O chief of many battles, though thy people
pass away,
As the red leaves of the forest, on a windy winter's
day,—

The Good Spirit yet is with us; and, when winter days
are done,
All His children shall be gathered to the land beyond
the sun!

THE MAIDEN'S WISH.

"I HAVE a wish, my merry maids,—
A merry wish have I;
It came with the snowy flakes that fell
This morning from the sky."

"And what is thy wish, thou dark-eyed maid,
That came with the snow this morn?"
"I wish that I were Robin Hood,
With bow and bugle-horn!

"I wish that forests clad these hills,
Instead of the spotless snow;

That o'er the heights and through the dells
The bounding deer might go.

"Off yonder,—by the forest's edge,
There might an abbey stand;
With Gothic arch, and ivy'd wall,
The marvel of the land.

"There, cowléd monks, with solemn tread,
Should pace their cloisters through;
And Friar Tuck, his service o'er,
Might join our revels too!

"Blithely we'd sound the bugle-horn,
And merrily hunt the deer;
And merrily build the fire at night
To roast our forest cheer.

"Oh, if I were but Robin Hood,
To rove the wild-wood free,
Then, what were storm, or cold, or heat,
Or fear, or care, to me!"

"A merry thought, my dark-eyed maid,
This morn has brought to thee.
Dost wish that thou wert Robin Hood,
To roam the wild-wood free?

"Ah, many a dark and dreary hour
Those forest rovers knew;
When the rain fell fast, and howled the blast,
The long, long midnight through.

"When the listening deer fled far through fear,
And vainly twanged the bow;

Then, Robin Hood, 'twere very good
To dwell where firesides glow!

"But, don thy cap, my dark-eyed maid,
And take thy bugle-horn;
And call thy merry comrades all,
This merry winter's morn.

"And we will be an outlaw band;
Right bold our revelry;
With a good cross-bow in every hand,
Made from the tough ash tree.

"Away, away, across the hills;
We'll know no bounds to-day;
Though the deer be fleet, our tireless feet
Might bring the stag to bay.

"Away, away, till the night-dews fall,
And the shadows lengthen fast;
Then home we'll come with the bugle call,
And the merry dream be past.

"O, 'tis very good in the wild, wild wood,
When merrily twangs the bow;
But in winter drear, 'tis better cheer
To dwell where firesides glow!"

THE BURDEN-BEARER.

ABED-EL-WAHED, vowed to serve his king,
Across a desert space was journeying.
The way was long; the air was hot and dry;
All round, the red sands met a burning sky.
Not often spread the palm its loving shade,
Or grass, or flowers a softer footing made.
Though many a pilgrim trod across the waste,
Few toward the city of the King made haste.
As, by a lonely spring, he stopped to drink,
Abed saw one, reposing by its brink;
Like man his form, but lovelier his mien
Than in the daily walk of men is seen.

"Brother," the stranger said, "upon thy brow
I read his service unto whom I bow.
Behold me, on an errand of great need;
Empowered to call his servants to my speed:
I bid thee, then, to lay thy burden by,
And bear me onward till day leaves the sky."
"In his name?" "In his name whose sign thou wearest;
In bearing me, the King's own cause thou bearest."

Abed was weary; but, without a sigh,
He laid his pilgrim's wonted burden by;
The bread he needed for to-morrow's fare,
The cloak to shelter from the midnight air,
The precious tokens of the loves he left,
His treasures, all; of all to be bereft,
For the King's sake. Then, stooping by his pack,

He bade the stranger mount upon his back.
'Twas done. But, as tired Abed forward stepped,
A wing-like rustling o'er his pathway swept;
He felt no load; he, whom he strove to bear,
Lifted his down-laid burden up with care;
Then, on, with angel pinions cleft the air,—
Far above all the desert's weary glare!
Thus, ere the sun had parted from the west,
By the King's gates glad Abed found his rest.

ONLY.

Only a bird, storm-affrighted,
Hid in a cleft of the Rock;
A lamb, that, astray and benighted,
The Shepherd bore home to His flock.

Only a brand from the burning,
Snatched by a Savior's hand;
A prodigal, late returning
From a far-off foreign land.

Only of sinners the chiefest,
Having no other boast

Than the right to love most deeply,
For I was forgiven most!

Only to touch His garment,
When others recline on His breast;
To run on His lowliest errands,
While others rejoice in His rest.

Only, tho' through a glass darkly,
Hoping to know and be known;
Only to stand at the door-way,
When others approach the Throne.

Only to whisper His message,
Which others may trumpet afar;
Only to watch by the camp fire,
While David and Jonathan war.

Only to seek out the fallen,
  Away from all human eyes;
To offer, in loneliest places,
  An evening sacrifice.

Only some crumbs to gather,
  That fall from Christ's wedding feast;
Only His kingdom to enter,
  Though but the last and least!

Among the stars in glory,
  Only to shine by His light;
And yet to sing there, forever,
  Of Jesus' love, and His might!

CHILD PICTURES.

FATHER! That name in heaven
Most hallowed, and on earth so sweet a sound;
Name that to many a king upon his throne
Is more than monarchy; which thro' the huts
Of half-starved villagers sends joy like heaven's;
The last faint whispering of whose syllables
From clammy death-beds, falls upon the heart
Like cloud-sent bolt,—which, though it come from God,
So much of grave-earth strikes into our eyes
As blinds our faith with tears: O, father, father!
Within his heart what tender void there dwells,
For whom none lives to look into his face,

And smile, and call him "father."

On that word,

Oft have I dreams, as bright as Eden hours;

Blended with memories of far off days,

By many a fair page pictured to the mind,

Till they have grown our own.

There, Eve appears;

Mother of millions, but, with tenderest tears

Over her first-born bending, in new joy,

The sweetest felt since o'er the thrice-barred gate

Of Paradise, swift waved the flaming sword.

Joy too soon marred,—of her own fall first fruits!

There, Abraham is visioned to my gaze;

Sad father,—with his only lamb fast bound

To the soon kindled altar, and his hand

Uplifted high to strike,—yet saved the blow.

Then Hagar, with her tiny wanderer,
Straining his parched lips to her loving breast,
Long dried by grief, alone upon the sands;
Alone, save One, Father of all that live!
And many a wondering, sad thought is recalled
Known to my simple, childish ponderings
Upon his tale, his father's favorite,
Whom cruel brothers into Egypt sold.
And, gently, sweetly, on my inmost heart
Drop, amber-like, the words that called by night
The infant Samuel.

With joy, yet with dread
I list the hallelujahs heard in heaven
By watchful shepherds, when the Child was born,
First-born of God, the Son of Man divine!
Then, falling from those heights, with tearful eyes
On humbler royalty I gaze, whose buds

In England's Tower slumb'ring, were cut off
Just 'ere their bloom. Or, in old days of Rome,
I see Cornelia with her jewels decked,—
Noblest of Roman mothers.

Nor, perchance,

In vain, I warn my heart with memories
Gathered from Fancy's fields: ev'n simplest tales
That taught our earliest smiles and tears to flow;
As, of those babes, lone wandering through the wood,
Whom the leaf-gathering birds with songs assured
How God loves children. Or those lovely three,
Dear household images in every heart,
Nell, Eva, Fleda. Gladly, thus, my mind
Revels in thoughts of those sweet, twining souls
That, vine-like, creep around our ruder being,
Softening the hardest, blessing the most gentle.
Thank God for childhood!

WATCHING FOR DAWN

As yestermorn, my years have flown away;
But, for lost youth, there come no new to-morrows:
No lure compels the drowsy joys to stay—
No curtain quite shuts out the bat-winged sorrows.

O my sweet youth! Left I one fruit untasted,
One flower not plucked, on any farthest bough?
Ashes for beauty, dust for fragrance, wasted:
All that was sweetest grows most bitter now.

Then plucked I bitter-sweets, yet plucked again.
Fool! But, O man, was I alone in folly?

Each morn renews the opium-dreamer's pain—
Each sigh confirms the poet's melancholy.

Self-love is mad—grows madder with indulgence:
Angels may weep to see it strive and dare.
Ah! was not Heaven robbed of your effulgence,
Swift, Byron, Shelley, Heine, Baudelaire?

In this dark night of mortal wretchedness
What stars are fixed? I see but comets gleaming:
Without, are sounds of strife and dull distress—
Within, I watch a candle's fitful beaming.

Yet stars there are, like fires afar off burning—
Still, underneath the horizon, there is day:
Oh for more light, to aid my slow discerning!
What can I do but watch, and weep, and pray?

Look! In the east appear some gleams of morn—
A breath of sweetness floats upon the air:
Now, while within my spirit hope is born,
A still, small voice gives answer to my prayer.

"Put out the candle, for the sun has risen!
All other lights, above, below, grow dim:
Go, Soul! like Paul and Silas, from thy prison:
Christ hath redeemed thee—*be complete in Him.*"

HOMEWARD.

Come Home!
Brothers and sisters, we have been straying;
Far from our Father's house, foes are betraying;
Turn we our feet; it is folly delaying;
Come Home.

Come Home;
What have we found in the valleys of pleasure?
Poison for nourishment, ashes for treasure;
Ere we reap sorrow and tears without measure,
Come Home.

Come Home;

All the sad sounds in the world that surround us;

All the hard chains of the sins that have bound us,

Tell, we are lost, until Jesus hath found us;

Come Home.

Come Home;

All Earth's sweet voices gently are calling;

Down out of Heaven are angel words falling;

God himself seeks for our souls' disenthralling;

Come Home.

Come Home;

Day unto day in rapt prophecy listens;

Far thro' the night-clouds a starry hope glistens;

Travel we upward; love conquers all distance;

Come Home.

Come Home;

Then, will all true joys of earth ever brighten;

Then, will pure love all adversities lighten;

Then, will our hearts and our robes ever whiten;

Come Home.

Come Home;

Home, to the rest where Love casts out all fearing;

Home, to the throne of our God ever nearing;

Home, to the place of our Savior's appearing;

Come Home!

THE MEADOW BY THE SEA.

I LOOK o'er the meadow seaward,
And wait for the parting of day:
The mists have flown ere the sunset;
The gray rocks are wet with spray.
Over the meadow by the sea,
Earth and sky make harmony.

Ships go eastward and westward;
Their sails are broad and white;
Yet, away from the sheen of the sunshine,
Floats one, as black as night.
Most fair, in green tranquility,
Lies the meadow by the sea.

Behold yon brown herd grazing!
'Tis a dream of Italy.
Who would not shun life's tumults,
To dwell thus peacefully,—
Musing upon things to be,
Over the meadow by the sea!

Bateman's Point, Newport, R. I.

THE ICE-KING'S RAID.

I SING the lay of the Ice-King bold.
His reign is thousands of ages old:
Tho' he buildeth no palace of marble or gold,
He rules amid glories to men untold,
In his far off realm of the North.

Away, by the shores of the waveless sea,—
What king has a throne so grand as he?
Among mountains of ice he sits royally.
His children's playthings the icebergs be,
Outsent from his footstool forth.

Thro' a long, long day doth his state appear,
While the sun sets not for half the year;
And a long, long night he slumbers there:
Then none to break his rest will dare,
While the watch-light auroras glow.

There's silence before him, night and day.
Spotless ermine his robes display;
A crystal sceptre marks his sway,
He scorneth the might of man's array;
His frown quells every foe.

O, weird and dread was the Ice-King's ride!
Sweeping Southward, where men abide.
Never a ghost more softly trod,—
Crackling not the frozen sod;
As he came, and went, in an hour!

He came and went, over hill and plain;
Men beheld but a winter's rain:
Yet none will see such a sight again,
As when swept by that Ice-King's train,
And the whole earth owned his power!

Bowed the monarchs of forest pride,
Or drew their long arms to their side;
Bending, shrinking, as in awe,
When their conqueror they saw:
Not one his wrath defied.

He clad them all in his livery;
A shining mantle on every tree.
Only too heavy the garb he gave;
Heavy, as chains on Mammon's slave,
Mocking his robes of pride!

Loftiest rebels felt his scorn:
Down from their breasts were their honors torn.
Like forest Niobes, they mourn
Their offspring, of the summer born,
The glories of their prime.

O, where were all the pomp of earth
That with each teeming Spring has birth,
If often came that ruthless power,
Sweeping by in a silent hour,
To spoil the work of Time!

Hark; one by one, the crashing fall
Of beams from the forest's roof and wall!
While fauns and dryads, moaning, call,
"Will he crush, and slay, and bury us all?
Alas for our woodland home!"

But mercy comes with the fall of night.
Never an icy chain so tight,
But the breath of the South wind melteth it;
And, when the morrow's dawn is lit,
Thanks for the freedom come!

Slowly, as from bended knee,
Doubtful of new liberty,
Rises many a prostrate tree;
Stripped and wounded, although free,
Long to lament that day.

Now, let us pray of the Ice-King bold,
When next his progress he will hold,
Over the land, or over the sea,
Far from us may his riding be,
Or ever so brief his stay!

A SONG OF MANHOOD.

What recks my manhood of its life?
What boots it, pleasure, rest or strife,
When all paths lead but to one grave?
I asked; my soul this answer gave:

To do is joy: an angel's throne
Is his, who lives to men unknown,
But, sun-like, shines, with cloud-hid face,
The friend and helper of his race.

To dare is glory: what are chains,
The world's contempt, the martyr's pains,

To one who knows that, won by them,
The crown of Truth has gained a gem?

Like star on its own axle turning,
Or altar, lonely incense burning,
A good deed done will live, to be
A light throughout eternity.

Nothing is lost: the whisper'd word
"Forgiveness," by the erring heard,
Borne on the waves of air, will sound
When Time's last scroll shall be unbound.

The smile of hope and thankfulness
That greets the hand outstretched to bless,
On angels' golden tablets graven,
Will shine, an ornament of heaven.

The beauty of the gathered flower,
Blooming and fading in an hour,
Lives yet in essence, hived by thought,
In poet's hymns of glory wrought.

When, then, thou strivest to dare and do
For Good, for Beautiful, and True,
Let Beauty, Truth and Goodness be
Themselves thy meed of victory.

Then, amaranthine flowers shall grow
About thee, and clear waters flow,—
Till woe and strife and pain are done,
And life and love and heaven are one!

LINGERING STEPS.

He.

My happiness has craved too much of earth,
To merit heaven's freedom. We must rise
Yet higher; plant our Jacob's ladder down
Among crushed flowers, albeit favorites,
And watered long, and watched and tended long,
Before we dare to tread where angels climb.

She.

'Tis so. Perchance those flowers may spring again.
If not, yet would we miss their bloom in heaven?
Our spirit-life thrives most in sacrifice.

They much mistake who think to win and wear
Its noblest strength in self-indulging joys.

He.

Yet, pardon me, who am no woman, but man,
That I so long would linger at the foot
Of the ascent; so cherish all the joys
Of mortal converse; and would, but with sight,
Follow even angels, upward from this spot!

BY THE RIVER SIDE.

Over the glooming hills,
Twilight is coming;
Low pipes the wood-robin,
Bees hush their humming.

In village windows
Home lights are burning;
Cheerly the reaper sings
Homeward returning.

Sweets fill the air
From newly-mown clover;

Blossoms fall on us
From chestnut boughs over.

Fire-flies are flitting
Around and above us;
Stars are down looking,
Like eyes that love us.

Still rolls the river
With musical falling;
All Nature's voices
Truant hearts calling.

Maiden, with flashing eyes,
Sitting beside me,
If I in loving guise
Speak, do not chide me.

Up rolls the night hymn
From stream, field and forest;
We praise, with thee, Nature,
The God thou adorest!

Rock by the river side,
I will remember
The joy thou gavest me,
Thro' life's December!

HEART, BE STILL.

"Heart, heart, be still!
Vain thy purest, warmest glow;
There's little room for such below;
Fond heart, be still!"

"I cannot be still.
I know it is not ill to love;
Else, what do all sweet souls above?
I will love my fill!"

"Heart, heart, be still.
Wounds love makes, may never close;

The thorn lives longer than the rose;
Rash heart, be still!"

"I will not be still:
Love laughs at laggard fear;
Danger maketh joy more dear;
I will love my fill!"

"Heart, heart, be still.
Woe waits on broken faith;
Love once, but love till death;
Wild heart, be still!"

"I will not be still.
Love binds, but cannot sever;
Truest hearts are warmest ever;
I will love, love my fill!"

ON POWERS' STATUE OF THE GREEK SLAVE.

When out of Chaos sprang the Earth,
And moved thro' space, a thing of light,
Rejoicing o'er the wondrous birth,
All heaven grew brighter at the sight.
Perfect in good
Creation stood,
With two-fold glories, Day and Night.

And, when beside the grassy brink
Of Eden's river, pure and free,

A nobler form bent down to drink
Than yet its waves had leaped to see,—
When monarch Man
His reign began,—
A welcome rang o'er land and sea!

But gladder welcome yet went forth,
When Woman's smile first dawned below;
The brightest crown of mortal worth,
Though parent of our dearest woe!
When woman's form
Breathed quick and warm,
God rested, and Time's sands forgot to flow.

So, when sweet Nature's foster sister, Art,
Achieved so like a conquest to her own,
When Genius bade this stone to being start,

Living in beauty, lacking breath alone,
This, last and best,
Might win her rest;
No more to toil, on canvas, block or stone.

Behold this form, by Freedom's offspring limned;
A lovely type of Freedom's chosen land!
Alas, to see such faultless beauty dimmed
By fetters, firmly clasped on either hand!
O, when shall come
That bright day's doom,
When marble limbs alone shall wear the captive's brand?

Yet read we in this stone most glorious things;
Even 'mid those links, the badge of slavery.
Here Art proclaims that Mind has boundless wings,

And human hope is human destiny.

While Mind thus reigns

Even 'mid chains,—

Hail the glad type: All Earth will yet be free!

1854.

ON LAUGHTER.

Laugh when thy heart is glad; while the bright thought is glancing before thee;

Laugh when thy neighbor rejoiceth, kindling thy mirth at his.

Laugh,—'tis the healthful music of young light-heartedness;

Laugh,—'tis a gentle cordial to wearisome old age.

But, let not the sun go down upon thy laughter;

Pour not out the strength of any whole day in mirth.

Much laughter weareth away wisdom, though the wise man is often smiling.

Man is made to mourn, saith the writer; and will ye unsay the proverb?

O, it is easy to force laughter; but how long will the heart be merry?

Husband up thy mirth, O man, thou wilt need it in days that are coming.

There are times when the madman only laughs, when the devils fear and tremble.

Earth is not all a comedy-stage, nor heaven and hell a fiction,

For man to read at his fancy, to amuse him with sneers and scoffing.

We were born amid suffering and tears; with groaning and pain we die;

There are sorrows thick ever about us, to beg for our pity and love;

There are woes that the fool only feels not, besetting each human soul.

Then why turn and flee like recreants, or foolishly close our eyes,

And, child-like, believe this will hide us from the eyes of affliction and death?

Laugh not at thy brother's trouble, lest it leave him and cling to thee.

O, laugh not at human weakness, when human pain shall go with it.

Thy mirth may unsteady the hand that should reach out to raise the falling.

Search not for cause of laughter in the carriage of those about thee,

Lest thy friends be made to hate thee, for the little stings of thy tongue.

Mark the bright things of outward nature; do they live merrily always?

Save when the dark storm hovers over, the blue skies smile, though not cloudless.

The earth hath its smile of flowers; the rivers and brooks run laughing.

How gaily the waves on the sea-beach sport with their gilded moon!

But, when thunder speaks from heaven, they have voices of deeper meaning,

That the lashed rocks echo solemnly, and the clouds bear, rolling still upward.

Take pattern by these, O man, and take to thy heart all life's gladness,

But remember the joy of the mourner, that passeth the merry one's moment.

Thou art one of a fallen household,—remember its loss and be sad.

Creation is mourning for man, strive not to be more gay than nature.

If Christ hath redeemed thee for heaven, let joy dwell deep in thy heart;

But hold thine eye fresh for tears to fall with the penitent's prayer.

The Lord hath atoned for our loss,—rejoice and be glad in spirit;

But man hath rejected and scorned him; shall the fountain of weeping be closed?

Yet, in concourse of Faith and Hope, Love casteth out all fears torment,

And the good man hath seldom a cloud on his soul's clear and holy horizon.

The sweet smile of charity sits well on the heart and the brow of God's children,

And anon the light laugh of the happy may be pure and pleasant as psalms;

But beware of giddy laughter; 'tis the token of wrong-headed folly;

And beware of the sneer of scorn; 'tis the knell of thy good angel's parting!

SNOW SHADOWS.

Each shining snow-flake lets a shadow fall,
As to the earth it softly sinks to rest:
So, may the whitest, sweetest souls of all
Seem, sometimes, wrong, to those who know them best.

But, when the earth, awhile its ermine wearing,
Again grows bare, despite the beauty given,
Lo, a fair type of lowliest cross-bearing:
The ray, that cast the shadow, lifts to heaven.

WOMANHOOD.

Strophe.

Woman, to boyhood's eyes,
Shines fair as starlit skies.
Once, youth from woman's lips
Life's purest nectar sips.
Man knows, in woman's heart,
This world's most precious part.

Antistrophe.

Boyhood, in woman's eyes,
Finds a fool's Paradise.

Youth, oft, from woman's lips
Venom for nectar sips.
Man, seeking perfect art,
Learns it in woman's heart.

Chorus.

Boyhood, youth, manhood, all,
From throne to outer wall,
From birth to funeral,
With woman rise, or fall!

PALLIDA MORS.

Pale Twin of Sleep, why do men dread to meet thee?
For all Earth's ills, thy anodyne is best.
Come gently, Death; then weary life will greet thee,
As greets the sun the rosy-curtained West.

As by our side to-morrow's garments lie,
When, for brief slumber, we our eyelids close,
So Faith and Hope are with us when we die:
Wake us, O Love, who first from death arose!

HEART ROOM.

STARS in heaven shine numberless;
Yet many a blue space lies between,
Where orbs might rise, with light to bless
In answered smiles, the sky serene.

The air, on summer eves, is full
Of songs; yet oft a pause will come,
When other notes our hearts might lull,
Nor make us wish one songster dumb.

Never so sweet a wreath we cull,
But some missed flower might add perfume;

So, truest love the heart may rule,
And yet it oft has aching room.

Alas, like spheres that roll thro' space
Companions, in their mutual light,
Yet, each to each, one only face
May turn, while all the rest is night;

So, nearest, dearest ties of earth
Yet leave our longings unfulfilled.
We know not half each other's worth,
Till all our love in death lies stilled.

The fondest gushings of the heart,
That flow like streams of paradise,
Are oft-times frozen as they start,
Or fall beneath averted eyes.

O, welcome hour, whose coming rends
The veil that sunders spirits here!
When those we faintly know as friends,
Exult in love that knows not fear.

O, twilight hour of death, for this
We greet thee, harbinger of love!
Ask, then, not now, to-morrow's bliss;
But wait life's perfect dawn above.

ENGLAND.

"Come with me to yon blithe green wood;
Weary heart, come with me.
Walk with me down yon shadowy lane;
We shall find sights to see."

"I have been wandering, far and wide,
In lands beyond the sea;
I trow there is naught in yon dark green wood
Will be half so fair to me.

"I have stood by the side of the mighty Nile,
Where Karnak and Luxor lie;

I have climbed where Vesuvius sendeth up
Its lurid cloud to the sky.

"I have trodden the paths of ancient Rome,
And clambered her mouldering walls;
I have looked from the height of her proudest dome,
And paced through her art-jewelled halls.

Where Venice sits throned on her hundred isles,
I have sailed on the silent sea;
Where snow shines forever on Alpine heights,
I have wandered wearily.

"I have sped o'er the sunny fields of France,
As the swallow flies through the air.
Then who shall show me, in all the earth,
Another sight so fair?"

"Yet, come with me to yon blithe green wood,
Or down yon shadowy lane;
And I will show thee a sight so good
It may gladden thy heart again.

"There are prouder fanes by the ancient Nile,
Or where the Tiber flows;
But nobler far are our cottage homes,
Whose hearth no tyrant knows.

"There are bluer skies in the sunny South,
Where the palm and orange grow;
But England is still the fairest land
That God has made below!"

Leamington, 1859.

MISERRIMUS.

In a church-yard in England, there is a grave-stone with this word, "Miserrimus," alone, for an inscription. (Wordsworth's Poems.)

O, THOU most high, yet lowliest One,
Most near, but yet, alas, least known!

Thou who did'st walk in Galilee;
Who trod'st alone the conquered sea;

Brought'st lessons from the lilies' bloom;
Shed'st human tears beside a tomb;

Upon whose bosom fondly lay
One whom thou lov'dst in human way;

Whose cry went up, through heaven's eclipse,
From almost shrinking human lips,—

Amid thy crowning agony,—
"My God, hast Thou forsaken me!"

O, purest, tenderest heart of love,
Whom every sympathy would move,—

Thy triumph, perfect humbleness,
All thy reprisals, but to bless;

Yet kinglier with thy crown of thorns
Than brows new victory adorns:

Jesus, who livest now as then,
Hear me, the saddest man of men!

Thou seest me: I see not Thee.

Art Thou a saving Lord to me?

Behold me, dying, blind and wrong;

Nor will nor faith in me is strong.

To sin is death,—that do I feel.

Beneath my load of guilt I reel.

Belief is life,—that do I hear.

My faith is overcome by fear.

God's terrors thunder from above:

Hope faintly whispers of His love.

Thou, who the martyrs' strength upheld,

Peter forgiven, Paul compelled,

O, Christ arisen, Lord unseen,
Be mine, as Thou the saints' hast been!

Now, lost the trust my childhood knew,
I know not even what is true.

Thou art the Truth; away from Thee,
In vain we search for verity.

In vain, 'mid crowd or solitude,
Ask, who will show us any good?

Anthems, or words of tongue or pen,
Or solemn eyes of saintly men,

Or deeds of alms, or rites, or prayer,
Oft empty as the empty air.

Were it not better not to be?
Ended, for all, our misery!

O, God, this doth my heart design:
For I am nothing if not Thine.

As life is naught, cast out from Thee,
Here will I wait Thy last decree.

Here, prostrate on the ground I fall;
Here will find God, or else lose all!

In the dark hour before the morn,
Such words, of heavy sorrow born,

Were uttered. Death then set his seal.
Those cold lips could no more reveal.

Trust we, that gloom, like twilight, passed:
Those drooping eyes, up-raised at last,

Ere closed, with holiest rapture shone:
God makes the contrite all His own.

THE CITY OF THE DEAD.

After Gray's Elegy.

We leave, with solemn pace, the crowded street,
Bearing one with us who returns no more:
Hushed are his lips; his cold, unmoving feet
Seek not again sweet welcome at his door.

So, bear we on the casket of our dead:
Precious, yet soon so vile; a man, a clod!
No matter, though unpillow'd be his head;
No chill for him, beneath yon friendly sod.

We bear him on, till, by the river-side,
We reach the populous city of the dead:

Each in his narrow house shall there abide,
Nor once awake his neighbor with his tread.

A silent city: only summer's breath
Sighs through the boughs, or louder storm-winds roar,
Or mating birds, in ignorance of death,
Sing all their merry love-songs o'er and o'er.

Yet Love and Art have both been busy here;
Marble its beauty, granite lends its strength.
So cling our hearts to all they once held dear:
O, could our love give life its lingering length!

Yet vain are these, or graven words of praise,
Tender and true, to feed the heart of love;
Mocking, with monumental scorn, the days
That far, and farther yet, our lost remove.

Here slumbers one, his country's sword who bore,
Conquered at last, tho' all unseen the foe:
Here, one who tracked wide seas from shore to shore,
Wrecked without storm, no more of storms to know.

Here rests a hand whose cunning reached the skies,
Or strove to map the world from pole to pole;
An eye that pierced Arcturus' mysteries,
Or sought (not found) the secret of the soul.

Alas, what now their cunning and their power?
Soldier and statesman, sage and bard are dumb.
We walk among them, this sweet summer hour,
Of all their glories, here no echoes come.

Knows not the springing grass what honored dust
Giveth it greenness. Many a rose's bloom

Grows sweeter, like the memory of the just,
Above a lowly, unknown, martyr's tomb.

Silent the City of the Dead: yet hark!
A thousand voices whisper from these graves.
Resurgam: in earth's night all is not dark.
Death is not victor; there is One who saves.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life."
So spake the Son of God, whose name is Love.
Not vain, in Him, our sorrow and our strife:
The City of the Living is above!

Laurel Hill, Philadelphia.

A SONG OF VENICE.

Hush!

Heard you not the boom of a gun,

Far away, as of battle begun?

Nay, it was but a dream, I know.

Not yet, not yet. *Vedremo,**

Domani, Garibaldi!

Wait!

Old am I, but I must not die

Till the last of our tyrants fall or fly.

Fear'st thou to hear me? Deeper woe

Tortures can bring not. *Vedremo,*

Domani, Garibaldi!

---

* We shall see, to-morrow, Garibaldi!

Hope!

Daughter, look up. Hast thou tears left yet?
Mine are all fire; but thy cheek is wet.
Thy Hector lives, though in ranks of the foe.
Soon may we greet him! *Vedremo,*
Domani, Garibaldi!

Pray!

Ave Maria; the night seems long.
Where is my eldest boy, brave and strong?
Where is my youngest, *caro fio?*
God strikes where freemen fight. *Vedremo,*
Domani, Garibaldi!

Free!

Naples and Florence are free, they say;
Rome but waits for a chosen day.

Shall we wait longer? San Marco, no!

Una Italia! Vedremo,

Domani, Garibaldi!

Trust!

Venice, as still as the midnight sea,

Watches the dim dawn of liberty.

Though, like the ocean, her blood may flow,

Yet will she conquer. *Vedremo,*

Domani, Garibaldi!

1862.

VICTORY.

A Grave Parody.

Spake full well, in most melodious numbers,
One who dwelleth in the house of Fame;
Telling us, the soul is dead that slumbers;
Only dust returneth whence it came.

Not for us the joy of idle beauty,
By the wayside, basking in the sun;
Flowers and birds! Ye know not aught of duty;
Ours are conquests ye have never won.

Earth and sea are strewn with wreck and ruin;
But, grass grows, and waves roll, over all.
Shall we mourn forever man's undoing,
When man's resurrection lifts the pall?

Everywhere Time's battle-fires are glowing;
Some, to tell us Liberty is born;
Others, when dire Evil, overflowing,
Sweeps like lava through the golden corn.

Stronger than all arms of heroes' wearing,
Is the centre of Truth's crystal shield:
Brighter than the knight's armorial bearing,
Shines the martyr's flame-emblazon'd field.

Not alone amid the cannon's rattle,
But where kneels the humblest saint in prayer,
Comes the shock of most portentous battle;
Earth and heaven meet, contending there.

Not alone in palaces of glory,
Not on graves of bard or priest alone,

Nor in old cathedrals, high and hoary,
Or the tombs of heroes, carved in stone;

In the cottage of the rudest peasant,
In the solitude of rural bowers,
Speaks the solemn Past unto the Present,
Showing us what victory shall be ours.

In all places, then, and in all seasons,
Earth's sad voices tell us wondrous things;
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
How our souls may spread their folded wings.

Bright and glorious is that revelation,
Written above the stars, beneath the flowers;
God is Love; and He, in man's creation,
Has chosen that Christ's victory shall be ours!

A DIRGE FOR GARFIELD.

1881.

THE Nation's Chief is dead!
Toll, ye sad midnight bells;
With twice ten thousand knells,
Sound o'er the land the tidings of deep gloom;
And thro' the bounding deep
Let the chain'd lightning leap,
To tell the world this conquest of the tomb:
A mighty soul has fled.

Now, every crownéd head
With pain and fear may bow.
Our sorrow clouds the brow

Of the good Queen, hedged round with loyalty;
While Emperor and Tsar
See, in this falling Star
A direful omen of their destiny.
Earth's kingliest Man is dead!

All homes in Christendom,
Aye, each far twilight land
Where Commerce greets the strand,
Together mourn with us our man of men.
Since first King Death began
To reap his harvest wan,
Such common grief of nations ne'er has been.
A world with tears is dumb.

Not Fortune's plaything, he;
Of right heroic mould,
Like Plutarch's men of old,
Of Spartan strength, with Attic culture graced;
Nurtured on rugged soil
Thro' poverty and toil,
Worth, only, laurels on his forehead placed:
God's own nobility.

Noble in tenderness:
First, in his proudest hour,
From pedestal of power
Our more than Hector greets Andromache.
Nor was yon aged dame
Less partner of his fame;
Together, in one record, shine those three:
Son, mother, wife, we bless!

As when of old there stood
Two armies in mid field,
Lydian nor Mede would yield,
Till awed by darkness of the sun's eclipse;
So our divided State
Hushed all its fierce debate,
When Death proclaim'd, thro' those still eloquent lips,
Love, peace and brotherhood.

Where shall he rest his head?
Within no Abbey's walls,
Where the stain'd sunlight falls
On kings and warriors, statesmen, poets round;
But in such lowly grave
As holds the pure and brave
Whose lives have made their country hallowed ground:
Such be his honored bed.

God willed that this might be:

Death has no triumph won.

Our hero's race was run:

Christ gave the crown that girds that pallid brow.

'Mid agony and tears,

The Nation knows no fears.

God reigns: before His majesty we bow.

With Him is victory!

THE QUAKER MEETING-HOUSE.

*A Response.**

WELCOME, amid a world of noise,
This hush of deep tranquility.
Here may we merge our cares and joys
In harmony!

O, could we, with pure insight, look
Beneath the outer mien of rest,
Interpreting that mystic book
The human breast,—

We would not deem untaught of strife
Hearts that speak here of calm;

---

* To S. W. M., in *Atlantic Monthly*, February, 1878.

Souls that thro' death have conquered life,
Thro' sorrow, balm.

Might we, with lofty vision, reach
Skies that met Woolman's gaze,
Or list the songs that Whittier's speech
But half conveys,

No more, to us, a voiceless prayer
The winged spirit's melody;
No choir e'er poured upon the air
Such litany.

Enter, and share, one sacred hour,
A holy eucharist; with him
Who asks no priest's dispensing power,
Or cloister dim:

No vast cathedral dome or aisle,
No organ thundering above;
Only the light of Jesus' smile,
His words of love!

Still, sweetest grow the joys of life,
Where victory has brought repose.
God gives no peace but after strife;
No thornless rose.

THE TWO LANDINGS.

William the Norman, 1066: William Penn, 1682.

I.

ENGLAND, Mother Land,
Whence giant realms have sprung,
Harvests of every clime within thy hand,
Thy strong imperial voice resounding in each tongue;
Thou second Rome,
By arts or arms the broad world conquering:
Here in our home,
By mountain side, rich vale and woodland spring,
Or populous city, free as eagle's wing,
Legends of war and peace of thee thy children bring.

II.

Angels, who look from heaven
On this dim star, our earth,
To whom is honor given
Duly, since men had birth?
What crowns will brightest shine, when centuries try their worth?
Take heroes at their best,
The Christ is manliest:
And manliest they whose lives of Christ are born.
With heart of love
All strifes above,
These walk, not fearing death, nor heeding hate or scorn.

III.

Conqueror, or Peace-maker:
Whom will ye praise, O men?
Praise both, with tongue and pen,
If both true heroes were.
But, when your sweetest notes
Flow from exultant throats,
Swelling such songs as hearts devout inspire,
Praise God, that He hath sent
Unto our Continent,
One Knight of Love, to lift the world's best state-craft higher!

AT A SEMI-CENTENNIAL.

Haverford College Loganian Society, 1884.

We have come, from the mart and the office,
From factory, forum and field,
The graybeard, the athlete and novice;
All, homage to yield
To the memories ever upspringing
Round the mother that nourished our souls,
For the harvest each summer is bringing,
While time o'er us rolls.

O, the dreams that we dreamed here were splendid;
No gifts had Aladdin like ours;
But the morn of those visions has ended;
Noon withers our flowers.

Our day is oft wintry and clouded;
Amid turmoil and tears we despond;
Yet the sun, though by earth's mist enshrouded,
Shines ever beyond.

Were those dream-hours the richest and brightest
That Memory's dial has shown?
When the heart-beat is freest and lightest,
Is dearest bliss known?
Ah, no! With torn feet on the mountain,
We laugh to look down on the plain;
Soon cloy'd with the plash of the fountain,
The torrent is gain.

In strength that through battle grows stronger,
In patience that outwearies pain,

In hope that burns brighter, the longer
Griefs fall, thick as rain,—
As rock-lights, far over the ocean,
Thro' darkest night cheerliest shine;
In the heart-glow of Christ-sent devotion,
Is bliss most divine.

Yet, the promise of dawn was its glory;
That prophecy we but misread.
Though, with foreheads now furrowed and hoary,
We mourn for our dead,
When we stand in the valley of vision,
No tears for lost youth will we shed;
Though faded the earth-dream elysian,
We have heaven instead.

A PSALM OF CHANGES.

A VISION came to me, though not in slumber.
My heart was weary of all things that are:
Of all that will be, as men picture them.
Life's day, too brief for worth, too mean to be
Threshold of heaven: ev'n heaven itself scarce welcome,
Harping and singing, on, thro' endless ages,
Ever the same, one long doxology.

Then broke upon me, as with lightning's flash,
A gleam unlook'd for of Eternity;—
Like Paul's in the third heaven: worlds on worlds

Coming and vanishing; not one the same,
Æon to æon. Some worn, thrown aside,
Of which the Lord was weary. Nebulæ
Slow forming; planets rushing toward their suns
In final conflagration. Myriad worlds
Verdant and peopled, with grand histories,
Where God's Christ lives and suffers for His own.
Ever, through countless universes, new
Or growing old, throng angel servitors:
Conquerors all, with Christ, o'er Death and Hell;
Unresting, yet untired, by day and night,
By sea and land, or where there is no sea,
Or where night is not, yet time tarries never.

O, thus, my soul drank courage in, and hope.
Life is worth living: for Thou livest, Lord!
And, thro' Thy willing, new things come and pass,

Each day, each age, each æon. Flowers will fade,
Worlds perish, systems vanish: still Thy Word
Createth and upbuildeth, without end.
All quick souls, born of Thy paternal love,
With robes wash'd white in Thy Son's precious blood,
Will see, will hear, will know as they are known,
Through wondrous changes, whose flow shall not cease;
Shall share Thy work, as ministering spirits;
Their worship a glad service then as now:
While every step shall be an angel's flight,
Each word a melody, 'mid chiming spheres.

Thus glorious are Thy praises, which resound
With living harmony, forever new,
Through Thine eternal Temple, Lord, our God!

SONNETS.

EARLY LOST.

A SONG-BIRD'S warble hushed in the green wood,
Where it once gave Spring's cheerliest melody;
A sweet flower fallen, and with their tears bedew'd,
Who had long loved its sun-lit hues to see;
A fountain checked amid its crystal glee;
A star gone out, that gladden'd the whole heaven:
These are fair types, albeit faint, sweet one,
Of the near ties thine early death hath riven.
Yet, grief hath smiles; for soon, life's winter done,
That song may greet our ears, that bloom our eyes;
That sparkling fount may make its joy our own,
Within the gates of long-lost Paradise,
New-found through faith. Friend, sister, daughter, thou
Was yesterday; *what shall we call thee now?*

IN VITÂ MORS.*

Tranquil, almost, as Eden, was the scene
Arcadian, where the hours, in golden round,
Knew only gladsome light and loving sound:
Calm, thoughtful days, with calmer nights between.
O Poet, thou, with heart and home serene,
Did'st look upon the battle of the world,
As, from the shore, a rescued mariner,
His barque at anchor and his sails all furled,
Beholds the storm-rent ocean's fearful stir.
The Night had voices ever sweet for thee;
And Golden Legends hallowed every day.
So, Death, the Reaper, turned his face away,
To whet his scythe with fire! Most cruelly,
O Death, dost visit those forgetting thee!

---

* Suggested by the death of the wife of Henry W. Longfellow, by fire.

RETROSPECTION.

We spoke of things long past,—almost forgot:
Of days when free, full, *natural* hearts were ours;
Of those now parted, comrades on a spot
Where young Hope once, now Memory, plants flowers.
O, Time, thou Robber!—'Tis a different world.
The very skies seem changed,—more dimly starred;
High fancies from their vision-thrones are hurled,
And all our airy Edens serpent-marred.
Woe, thus to think on bright hours that have been,
But for the thought, that such may be again!
Such, and far brighter; for we feel within
The soul dies not, in which such joys could reign.
Heaven's bounty grows not old; and, by the grief
Earth's bondage gives, we know, it must be brief.

AS TO A COVERT.

Had I thy sweet love to retire unto,
As to a covert from the world's vain noise,
O, how such heart-help would my strength renew
To breast again hard cares, and hollow joys!
Envy, and Jealousy, and black Deceit,
Folly's wild rout, whose pleasure ever cloys,
Sharp-thornéd flowers, most baneful when most sweet:
O how, in that dear heart's embower'd retreat
Might all these foes seem foiled, their power undone!
Though many fair be round us, no kind shade
So woos my spirit (yet will not be won)
From its unrest to hope of joy, sweet maid,
As doth the vision of thy love alone.
Sad life! That dream truth's daylight bids begone.

IN CONVALESCENCE.

I HAVE been wandering near the gates of death:
Weak, fever'd, pained, thro' long, long nights and days.
Yet, O disease, I have trod rougher ways,
Sinning in strength, than thine! And oft sweet breath
Came to my hot cheek, as of angels near,
Whispering thoughts of heaven to quell all fear.
Anew I thank Thee now, O God, for life,
And with keen sense of joy greet sun and air.
But, when I think how hard it is to bear
My cross 'mid sinful men, how oft the strife
Of this ill world doth wound the tender heart,
Or leaven it to itself, my joy doth fly.
O, that I had been ready to depart!
It is as hard to live well as to die.

TO-DAY.

"Alas! the soul of ancient Faith is dead;
Upon its tomb its marble ghost reclines:
The air is thick with smoke of burning shrines,
Whose priests are dumb, whose worshipers have fled."
So spake my soul as To-day's signs it read.
Then sought I, sorrowing, an immovable Rock,
Whereon there stands a Cross, and naught beside:
Of countless tempests it has met the shock—
Through endless ages will it not abide?
Soul, if thy windows be but opened wide,
Lo, the blue heaven, a cathedral dome!
In each true heart a constant altar-fire.
Though "credos" falter, man must yet aspire:
Yet shines a Bethel, in each Christian home!

JOHN BROWN AT REST.

Rest! Yes, in prison it may be. It is well!
I have fought my battle hard, and I have lost.
Trusted my friends, and counted not the cost
Of this blind faith in others. So, I fell.
And, now that I have long been tempest-tost,
I find my haven gladly in a cell.
Water and bread, and just a little light,
And air, it may be, and full leave to pray,
And I shall not much care for men's despite;
Waiting, in God's good time, a better day.
Better to lay one's arms down and to wait,
Than to fight on, sore spent, and gashed and gory:
For the time cometh, be it soon or late,
When perfect Rest is link'd with perfect Glory.

NAPOLEON IV.

1856–1879.

EUROPE saluted thee, Prince, palace-born!
Heir to a blood-stained sceptre, and a name
World-fear'd, world-honor'd; trumpet-called of Fame.
The star of destiny presaged thy morn:
In dreams thy feet to battle-fields were borne,
Lodi, Marengo, Jena, Austerlitz.
In thee name, fame, pride, power and place were met.
Uncrown'd, at last, thy sight War's visage meets:
Alone, in death, thy star of Hope has set!
What rising, and what setting! Waterloo,
Bleak St. Helena, dread Sedan. But yet
In thine, a Titan line its doomsday knew.
Since Babel fell, earth shook with no like fall.
What is man's empire? God rules over all.

ULYSSES S. GRANT.

1885.

Conquered at last? Not so. His service done,
Calmly he struck his tent and left the field.
Only to one Great Captain did he yield
His long sheath'd sword. Thro' all its victories won,
No whisper of ambition marr'd the fame
Which went before him round the listening world:
Linking with Washington's our warrior's name,
Whose gladdest hour came when his flag was furled.
Chieftain, long waiting in thy watch of death,
What cry brought sweetest music to thine ears?
Vicksburg, or Richmond? Nay; more heavenly breath
Drowned battle-shouts with voices from the spheres.
O, more than conqueror, through strength Divine!
"Let us have peace."—Eternal peace is thine.

THE ENDED QUEST.

*To W. C. L.**

Aye, follow Truth! Nor fear, though knitting brows
And tearful eyes be racks and screws to thee.
Columbus-like, bend thy exploring prows
Out on mid ocean. Yet, free sailor, see
Thou go not North or South, where fields of ice
Have wrecked the bravest; but one current keep,
Belting the world of Thought, thro' wind and deep,
Unswayed by any sorcerer's device.
So shalt thou new worlds conquer, and return
Gold-laden; till, at last, all seas traversed,
Well taught of Destiny its best and worst,
Thy heart for Love, stronger than Death, will yearn.
Then may the lost Atlantis greet thy gaze:
And lo, it centres in the old, old ways!

---

* "The Parting of the Ways."—*Atlantic Monthly*, December, 1881.

THE TIME SPIRIT.

To Matthew Arnold: after reading "Dover Beach."

THOU, who, with voice far-sounding like the roar
Of the withdrawing ocean, dost intone
Most sad lament for our Humanity,—
A desert beach, whereon we only see
Some shells by passing tempests washed ashore;
Some hollow laughter, and more real moan;
Some noble strife, that ever beats the air:
O, listen: hear'st thou not the undertone
Beyond the breakers? For, soon, overhead,
Yon moon, now sleeping with Endymion,
Will draw the wide sea back upon its bed:
Fresh bounding waves will leave no shingles bare.
So will the Sea of Faith all doubts destroy.
The *eternal note* not Sadness is, but Joy.

THE THOUGHT OF GOD.

How can we dare, we who so lowly live,
To speak of God, and heaven's unending bliss,
Trusting that Death takes less than he will give,
So far the world beyond excelleth this?
O wistful heart! Thy trembling question is,
Can such be aught but dreams, too bright for truth?
So quickly, now, fade joy, and hope, and youth;
So cruel cold are sorrow, loss and blame:
While War, and Wreck, and Pestilence and Flame,
And greed of brutal men, work fearful ruth.
Sad soul, look up; behold the sun! Our gaze
Meets, there, excess of glory: yet those rays
Are but as sparkles in His diadem
Who conquered Death without Jerusalem.

WORSHIP.

Can my unhallowed hands the offering fire
That on the altar of my heart is laid?
Shall my feet run in search of earthly bread,
When for pure manna God hath taught desire?
Were the heaven shut like brass, perchance we might
As creatures wrestle with our black despair:
But in His face there shines perpetual light,
Who on the Cross our penance deigned to bear.
His voice of love is best in silence heard;
So, lest I miss some life-bestowing word,
Low at His feet I bid my heart lie still.
Cumber'd with many thoughts I'll be no more:
But listen, lest He waiteth at the door.

LIFE'S SECRET.*

O LIFE, so rich or poor, so high or low,
Who of thy priceless treasures bears the key?
Is't Wealth, or Pleasure? 'Mid hush'd revelry,
A myriad weary voices echo: "No!"
Or Power? See Julius' blood, by Brutus shed;
Look where a Tsar draws treason-haunted breath;
Ask her, who, crownless, mourns imperial dead.
Is't Knowledge? With its birth, life's bane has come.
Or Song? Could Song cheer Milton's darken'd home,
Byron's mad exile, Burns' too early death?
Is't Art or Fame? Was Raphael, seraph-eyed,
Or century-living Titian, satisfied?
Who yet abide? Faith, Hope and Love, these three:
Faith finds, Hope keeps, Love turns, life's master-key.

* "The secret of life is art."—OSCAR WILDE.

EROS AND PSYCHE.

It was a sweet old fable, of those two,
Eros and Psyche: who, though parted oft,
Love ever, and at last their joys renew,
Being by Hope thro' all ills borne aloft.
Ev'n thus, to Virtue, Happiness is plighted;
And to each other only, both belong.
So Virtue, lonely oft-times and benighted,
Thro' darkest hours will suffer and grow strong,
Deaf to the revel-taunts of Pride and Wrong.
Would'st thou win bliss? Then never seek thine own.
Coyest of all coquettes is Happiness,
Pursued, though madly, for herself alone:
But heaven is in her eyes their hearts to bless,
Who, with full love unfeigned, are Virtue's own.

KNIGHTHOOD.

O Red-Cross Knight, what glamour in thy story!
Ever fair Honour's escort and defence:
Warring alone for virtue, not for glory;
Foe to all foes of virgin innocence.
Rich is thy Fairy Tale in truth's pure sense,
As his, the Bard of Sacred Prose, whose hand
Led his brave Pilgrim Christian on his path,
O'er gulfs, through valleys, where thick dangers stand,
Apollyons, and Giants full of wrath.
Thus, strife is godlike, when for God it wields
Weapons in heaven temper'd: theirs, whose shields
Cover the weakest bosoms, bare their own.
Such His, who trod the winepress all alone:
Whoso will overcome, shall share His throne!

THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

I.

WHITE-WING'D art thou, O Soul of Poesy,
Albeit thou gazest with an eagle's eye.
What is the Bard's pride, but, as lark in sky,
Or nightingale in covert, or as bee,
Full, as a fount, of inborn melody,
To sing his soul out free, o'er cloud or sod?
And the lark's wing was feathered by our God;
And God did spread the leafy canopy
That overhangs the woodbird's nest; and He
Fills the fresh buds with honey and with dew,
Where the bee sips and sings, the summer through.
Hence all do praise Him; and the poet-lyre
Or soul, that would a strain as sweet renew,
From Him, in Nature's fane, must draw its fire.

II.

O Poesy, why will men scorn thee thus,
Thou Eden spot upon our fallen earth!
When the world's smoke and mist do cover us,
Dimming the loves that with our lives had birth,
The fiery sword o'er gates of Paradise
Driving us far and farther from its light,—
Shall we not all praise Poets then aright,
Who plant for us a garden, where our eyes
May yet greet flowers, sprung from holy seed,
Such as Eve gathered 'ere she wandered forth?
Winds on those flowers blowing from the North,
Would soon have blighted all, in vale and mead:
Time-honor'd Bards, ye knew their priceless worth.
Ye saved, and reared them: God will bless the deed!

AN OUTLOOK.

Fair glows the morn; not dazzling yet, dews lying
On meadow flowers, just waked from summer sleep;
Over blue hills white mists are upward flying;
Glad shining streams wind, broadening, toward the deep.

Eyes that behold such beauty, can you weep?
Yes! In my heart, half-slumbering, dwells unrest:
Dreaming of days when comes no storm nor drought,
Of valleys where no serpent-dangers creep,
Of unwalled cities, where go in and out
All Muses and all Graces, I their guest;
Love-Edens, where Lust's siroc never blows;
Where Hate lives not, and friendships never die!
O sweet unrest! Hence dearest comfort grows:
God's bow of promise spans both earth and sky.

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